Kresten Krestensen Scott and Elise Andrea Olesen

My father, Kresten K. Scott (from the Danish name Skjödt) left Denmark to come to America in 1905 when he was 19 years old. I understand that he had exactly $7.00 when he arrived. As he told me, he had three reasons for leaving Denmark; one, to avoid being drafted into the Danish army; two, to seek more opportunity (as the youngest of five sons, he had no chance of inheriting the family farm and goods); and three, one night he heard his father telling his oldest brother whom he should marry - because she would inherit a fine farm. He decided he did not want to be told whom to marry.

He came to Petaluma, my father told me, because he had heard of the town in Denmark, and that there were opportunities here for the small farmer. It seems Petaluma had good publicity even then.

My mother, Elise Andrea Olesen, was also born in Denmark. She too came here for more opportunity and, I believe, as an adventure.

When my father first arrived, he worked on a ranch near Pt. Reyes, for a Danish farmer who sponsored many young Danish men. Early on the morning of April 18, 1906, he was walking along a boardwalk on the ranch, carrying two full buckets of milk. All of a sudden he was on his back with all the milk spilled. He was sure he would be fired - but instead learned about a phenomenon of which he had never even heard - earthquakes.

An older brother had preceded my father - Neils Christian Krestensen Scott - father of Carmen and Arnold. My mother had an uncle already here - Christian Olesen - a carpenter who had a home at 725 G Street (no children).

My parents were married in 1916 and lived at first on a rented dairy ranch - the upper Lynch ranch on the hills east of town. I was born while they lived there, in 1919, and my brother John Elmer in 1920. In 1927, they bought a chicken ranch on Bodega Avenue - just past what was then the Bihn Hatchery (now Gilardi's Bait and Tackle). One reason for the move was that my mother wanted us children to have a better education than she felt was awiilable in the tiny country school in our neighbor's (Morelli's) pasture.

Since this move was just before the great depression of the late 1920's and 30's, life was a struggle for my parents. Looking back, I can see how they must have worried, but we always had food (a lot of it home-grown and canned, plus eggs and chicken) and clothing (often home-made). But I felt my childhood was happy. We did not feel deprived because everyone was in the same situation.

More of my parent's story is in the book "Petaluma Poultry Pioneers" published in 1993.

Ruby Scott Eatherton
October 1997

From Ruby Scott Eatherton: January 10 1989

My father used the alternate chicken yards to grow vegetables for the family and corn for both the family and the chickens. The chickens had the run of one yard only.

My brother and I picked kale each morning before school. I hated to go to school with kale stains under my fingernails. We pushed the big leaves and stalks into the electric-powered kale cutter, which my father taught us to use when we were fairly young. He showed us the threshhold beyond which our fingers were not to go.He felt if we learned to respect it when we were young we would have no accidents later. There were boys and girls in the Petaluma schools who were missing ends of fingers, and sometimes whole fingers.

The gophers loved the kale. You sometimes saw a whole young plant disappear, pulled underground, in front of your eyes. My brother and I were allowed to set up "trap lines" and were paid a few cents for each gopher caught, a rare source of our own income for us farm kids.

One of the most cherished pets we ever had was a cat named "Tiger" whom we children hardly knew. He was large,with gray and black stripes, and was strictly my father's cat. He didn't come near our house or garden, but spent his days catching mice and gophers in the chicken yards, the barn and the granary. Every evening, he waited for my father on the roof of the first of a row of colony houses. As my father went from house to house Tiger would climb up the first roof, over the ridge, down the other side, jump over to the next roof, following my father until he reached the last house. Then he would permit my father to gather him up in his arms for a petting. And that was all the attention this working cat ever wanted or received. My father thought the world of him.

To carry the feed to the chicken houses most farmers had a wagon and an old horse..usually sway-backed. A great game for us children was to hide in empty sacks on the wagon as it travelled, with father pretending he had no idea where we were...in spite of the wiggling and giggling sacks.

Later when I was old enough to gather eggs I learned to move slowly, watching to see if there were any "broody" hens in the nests - I too feared the broody hens - and trying not to startle any of the others. I dreaded the great upheaval if one bird became frightened, because then all would fly off the nests, scolding and squawking, stirring up a great amount of dust. Later I learned I was allergic to the dust, and was excused from gathering eggs. I worked in the garden instead.

Each evening we went to the chicken houses to close the small sliding doors normally used by the chickens to get out into the yards (it was always called "closing for the chickens"). We were protecting them from predators. Once as I was closing, one of those predators, a skunk, ran out between my legs.

There were years when diseases struck .The farmer could lose almost his entire flock and I can still remember how sad my father (and my mother) looked some of those years.

I can remember my father performing autopsies on some of the birds. If he could not determine the reason for its death he took the bird to the local chicken pharmacy (Petaluma, it was said, had the only poultry pharmacy in the world. It was on upper Main street, near Washington, and directly across from the US Bakery.)

To prevent diseases, we tried many kinds of vaccines and capsules. I hated those days when we had to catch the chickens... smelly things!.. and vaccinate under one wing, and force a pill down their throats.

When chickens died they were sold to the so called "dead man"- who picked them up from a barrel at the foot of the driveway several times a week.

Before a new flock of young chickens were moved from the brooder house into one of the large chicken houses, the house was emptied of old birds. They were sold to our neighbor Walter Sorensen, a "chicken dealer", who took them in coops to San Francisco where they were sold for soup making - at least that is what I understood.

The house was then thoroughly cleaned of old straw and manure, and hand sprayed with diesel oil, to control fleas and lice. The roosts were sprayed with "Black Leaf Forty" (a tobacco derivative). Straw was spread on the floor but rice hulls were placed in the nests.

Sometimes in spite of sprays etc there were a lot of fleas in the houses. Then if you had to work with the chickens for any length of time, when you came into the house you had to remove all your clothes while standing in the empty bathtub. Then stepping out, you turned around and shook the clothes over the tub, then flushed the fleas down the drain.

We had a big bin of oyster shells. They were fed to the chickens to provide calcium to strengthen the egg shells. Later, chickens were fed ground-up calcium-bearing pebbles.

The oyster shells were dredged from the bottom of South San Francisco Bay and were brought to Petaluma on barges, (or earlier on motorized scow schooners,with masts removed...according to Jack Eatherton). We children loved to search through this bin for whole shells, but usually they were broken into bits.

My father gave the chickens hot food once a day. He stirred hot water into the mash in a large trough in the barn.

For many years, my father bought his grain in burlap sacks - which, when they were empty, were sold to a "sack dealer" - in our case a Mr. Lutz. During World War II sacks became scarce so my father built a large bin in our barn into which mixed wheat and milo-maize was delivered in bulk - a great place (although dusty) for my own children to play.

To induce the chickens to eat more, during the short days of winter, and thus to lay eggs this season too, many farmers rigged up a system to provide lights in each house for a few hours in the evening or early morning. My father's system depended on an alarm clock - when the alarm went off, it tripped a switch which turned the lights on.

(Bill Durney saw this system used by Alan Hart to turn on lights in his chicken houses in Lakeville: "The alarm clock, when it went off, actually back wound its winding stem. A light weight chain was rigged, fastened to the stem, and arranged to spring a rat trap, which in turn closed a switch. The rat trap provided the necessary energy, forcefully and quickly, to close the switch of the lighting circuit. The system was set for as early as 4 o'clock in the morning.")

The three main chicken houses we had, in which we kept a total of 2000 hens, were each 100 feet long. My father had had them built by a carpenter named Carl Engel when we moved to Bodega Avenue from our Sonoma Mountain place, in the mid 1920's. The houses were well off the ground and had good ventilation: the upper fourth of the south side was open, with wire covering.

These houses lasted for many years. But one year - I believe it was 1943- a severe windstorm hit Petaluma. It blew the roof off city hall and caused a great deal of damage to the chicken houses in the area. My parents told me they were awakened during the night by great crashing sounds, and found their chicken houses being buffeted by the winds. One of them, almost down, they tried to shore up with timbers. Eventually that house had to be cut in two, and one half rebuilt lower than the other.

Because our houses were all 100 feet long, that is how I visualize distance. In driving, for example, I know when to start signalling before a corner...one chicken house length away. And fifty feet equals half the damaged house.

PETALUMA HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
Oral History Program
Family History Questionnaire

For: Ruby Scott Eatherton
2/14/94

	Name	Birthdate	Birthplace	Deceased? Date
Parents*	Kresten Krestensen Skjødt (Came from Denmark in 1905)			
	Elise Andrea Olesen (Came from Denmark in 1911)			
Brothers & Sisters	Brother - John Elmer Scott			
Grand-parents*	Kresten Nielsen Skjødt			
	Ane Pedersdatter			
	Jørgen Thompsen Olesen			
	Johanne Jørgensen			
Spouse	Jack Denis Eatherton (Also from Petaluma - His family - parents and 4 children - came in 1910)			
Children	Scott Alfred Eatherton			
	Janet Kristine " M. LARS JAKOBSEN			
Grandchildren	KAJ PEDER JAKOBSEN, born 1996			

*Please include maiden name of mother and grandmothers.

THANK YOU!

PETALUMA HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
Oral History Program
Narrator Personal Information Questionnaire

Name Eatherton Ruby Johanna (Scott)
Last First Middle (Maiden)

Address 405 Marin Ave
Mill Valley, CA 94941

Marital status: Married ✓ Single ___ Divorced ___ Widowed ___

Birthdate 9/25/19 Birthplace Petaluma, CA

Length of residence in Petaluma (or Sonoma County) 20 years

Education: Elementary school Petaluma

Secondary school " Grad ✓

College Univ. of Calif., Berkeley Grad ✓

Other ___

Occupation(s) or former occupations(s) ___

Travels ___

Organizations, clubs ___

Other special interests ___

Additional comments ___

THANK YOU!

PETALUMA HISTORICAL MUSEUM
Oral History Program

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PLACE _____

_____

DATE 4/30/88

Ruby S. Earthman
(Interviewee)

Nadine Durney
(for the Petaluma Historical Museum)

Jack Eatherton, interviewed by Maxine Kortum Durney, August 19, 1994

My aunt, whose name was Florie Reuser Van der Burgh, was the first to come to San Francisco from England; her husband worked as a carpenter there after the 1906 earthquake.

Reuser is a Dutch name, meaning "giant". My grandfather's name was Alfred Reuser.

My parents followed, from England. In London my father had been a salesman. They were sold a "bill of goods" by my mother's sister, Florie, who told them how much better America was compared to England. Later my aunt was in Petaluma; her husband, Van der Burgh, had disappeared.

My parents (Alfred George Eatherton and Henrietta Reuser) came to America aboard the White Star Liner "Majestic". They arrived in San Francisco September 6 1910, and then on the Steamer Gold or one of the other river boats, to Petaluma, bringing all their goods with them, and their children: Julia, Henrietta, Bernard and Alfred. Frank and I were born here.

My father was a salesman, worked for Vonsen, a feed company. (Petaluma Directory '17-'18: Eatherton, Alfred G emp Vonsen Co residence 304 West st.)

My mother had a rheumatic heart, but being a good Catholic, was "fruitful on the land". She went to a hospital in San Francisco, where her heart condition could be monitored during my birth. She travelled by train, down and back. This was October 1918.

First my father died when I was nine months old, then my mother, when I was four years old. Both my parents were gone. We boys were being raised by our sisters. In time Barney and Al had to go to work, couldn't finish school. Barney worked for a carpenter, and I remember Al selling newspapers, giving me a ride home from the Catholic school, on his bike. I rode the handlebars.

My sisters raised us.

Julia worked as a bookkeeper and typist for Cochran Lumber Co., down stream from the D street bridge. (Later she married Henry Reynaud)

Henrietta worked as cashier at the California Theatre. Serge Naify was the owner. I'd get in free, after school. She made a deal with Mr. Naify, that I could come in to see the movie. This would be about 2PM, and I got to know the ends of any number of movies.

We lived at 516 Kentucky street. There is a big sycamore at the edge of the sidewalk there now - and you, Maxine, lived next door. Yes, about 1923, when your uncle was building your house out on Western Avenue.

At the time, that I remember you and Karl, we were living next door to each other on Kentucky street.

I first saw you, a blond, a little girl, with Karl who was throwing serpentine up in the air. The effect was of a simulated fire. You were living in the Revere house, a two story with a veranda, and underneath was an opening, and that's where you and Karl were.

Offuts owned the building we lived in, and Offuts lived behind us, down the alley. They had a chicken yard.

We were ravenous when we came home from school. There was nothing in the house to eat. In those days you bought your food for supper on the way home from work, and this is what my sisters did. There was nothing in between, nothing left by the time we got home from school, before my sisters came in with food for supper.

We'd go down to the river where we had a boat, this was on the West side of the river, above the Washington street bridge. We'd go under the wharves, to get squabs, to bring home to dress and fry for ourselves. Pigeons were living on the grain spilled on the wharves. The squabs were living in nests largely made of droppings. Between each of the floor joists there would be a place where they could nest, rats couldn't get them. We'd wait till they were nearly grown. We could tell by the yellow on their beaks how old they were getting to be. They gave the game away by their squawking. We could tell they were getting ready to fly, but were still in pinfeathers. You get 'em just before they are airborne, when they're fat. When they fly they begin to lose weight. With a stick we could hook them out of their nests, not hurting them; and then bring them back, sometimes to stuff grain down their beaks, as their mothers were doing, to fatten them. The grain was free. We'd scoop it up from where it fell on the docks. Sometimes we'd sell a brace of pigeons, for 25 cents to Mrs. Offutt. Our Italian neighbors also were always great on pigeons.

Sometimes we would clean and fry them for ourselves. My sisters didn't like our doing it, and I remember hearing one of them coming, and I took the frying pan to the window and threw the fried birds out.. My sister was suspicious because she could see the dogs out the window. "My, those dogs are attentive," she said.

Our stomachs were one big void, growing up.

We had a wood stove. My brother and I got ends of wood planks, 2 x 12's, at the lumber yard. Frank and I got the job of chopping these ends for kindling. Frank with all his ingenuity couldn't get us out of that job.

Milk was delivered by wagon, a box-like affair, with a single horse, to our neighborhood. We would also get milk from Chandler's at the foot of the alley that came straight to our place.

The activity on the wharves drew me. It was a wonderment to see them take the clam shells off the scow schooners. The two that were carrying the shells were the ALMA and the TRAVELLER.

The TRAVELLER was tied up just South of the D street bridge and the ALMA a little above the turning basin on the north shore.

The ALMA had a chute up and away from the deck. The chute was on the wharf, and rested one end on the deck. The captain unloaded by placing shells from the deck in a scoop, then he had a gasoline pump which pulled the scoop by rope up the chute, and the scoop automatically tipped by gravity, spilling the shells to a heap below on the dock. The scoop backed down again, being pulled by rope, or went back down by gravity. The chute (or ramp) was 30 feet long, could raise or lower with the tide, and made it possible to unload at any time It was a big steel scoop, had two handles. It was a one man operation.

The ALMA was nothing but a shell barge, but the captain kept it in top shape. It was always painted green, and the ropes were always in running condition.

We were interested in the little crabs, too little to eat, still alive among the wet shells. I didn't know where the shells came from, now I know they may have come from dredgers out in the bay and they were brought here to provide calcium to the chickens.

The TRAVELLER tied up on west side of the river, below the D street bridge, and was quite small compared to the ALMA. There was no rigging on it. The captain wheel-barrowed the shells off the ship at high tide. He slapped green paint on the scow from time to time, but didn't keep it in good condition.

The ROBBIE HUNTER was small, went up river beyond the Washington St. bridge, unloaded shells for Coulsen.

Between the two bridges, was Camm and Hedges, and there was unloading of lumber there, and of grain, across the river at McNear's, but these were stevedore jobs. The MATILDA carried grain in sacks to McNear's.

For the grain, there were hand carts, two-wheeled, two-handled, for carrying the sacks, five or six at a time. There

was an incline with a continous belt; a chain, with projections, would hook onto the axle of the cart. At the top the chain would disappear into the deck, and the cart was disengaged (with someone to receive it on the other side?) There were a whole series of handcarts on the incline at a time.

When they came down, the cart was wedged against the side but sometimes a cart would get away, go off into the creek.

The MATILDA, a big barge, was bigger in the bow, its shape was "Cod's head and mackerel tail" and was originally a sailing barge. The captain kept it very well, protected his deck by having pallets on it, so grain sacks did not touch the deck. Those sacks were better than 100 pounds each. A continuous belt with projections engaged the axle of the handcarts (bringing grain up from the hold?). The Matilda docked up above the Washington St. bridge.

These boats were home ported, and all had gas engines.

You didn't go on a boat unless invited. We were a nuisance. We jumped on board when crew went up to the bar.

I always remember the passenger steamer. It came in on the tide, and made a mournful sound (its steam whistle?). It came into the other channel, the Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railroad channel. P. S. and S. R. ran an electric rail up country. The two passenger steamers were the STEAMER GOLD, and the STEAMER PETALUMA.

As Kipling says, "I can hear the paddles chunking, from Rangoon to Mandalay."

Forrest Frey's Dad worked for them, got us on a boat to San Francisco one day. We walked a few blocks in the city, then had to sneak on board again. The cook didn't know who we were, but said, "Come on, you boys, get something to eat." When we got back it was way after dark, and we were stopped by a local cop, asking what we were up to.

We kept the cops busy on Hallowe'en. As soon as it got dark, if there were a wagon, we'd get it up on the sidewalk. If there was trouble, the cops would automatically come to our house, but we'd disappear. We went down the alley to the river where we could hide. My sisters would get complaints. Some people were nice, we didn't bother them. Others, who'd run you off...

Mike Flohr was chief of police, he was a good guy. Bob Peters was different

We went with my sisters on the electrified rail, a street car, the PS and SR, to visit Welsh friends in Sebastopol, who had come on the boat from England. Their name was Wheeler, and a son's name was Trevor.

Sometimes I would go down to Van Bebber's on the wharf, looking for scraps to do something with in their big metal box. There was a big broad leaf tree, it was nice and shady there. The trees went all the way down to the wharf, to the electric railroad.

At Van Bebber's, some of the iron work was done in the basement. Once they were working on a wagon tire. The rim was four or five inches wide, and would fit a wheel 8 feet high. The wheel was one of the back wheels of a big wagon that the street sweepers would dump into. The two front wheels were small, and turned the tongue of the wagon. It was drawn by two black horses, with a little white on them, and hooves as big as dinner plates. The harness was polished, and the reins came through the collar.

Van Bebber had 4 telephone poles, 12 feet apart. Across the top was 1" channel iron, and a chain hoist that could be moved.

The scene was something out of a German opera. Leather aprons on the guys, rustabouts. They had hot coals on the ground. First of all they welded. They heated steel till it sparked, then boom, boom, boom with a hammer. They welded with an overlapping weld. Then they put it on the coals on the ground, and heated it with more coals, to extend it. They needed an inch or more of slack.

They picked it up with clamps and chains, and dropped it in water to shrink it. The steam! Like out of a German opera! They cooled it so it wouldn't burn the wood of the wheel.

They didn't say to us, "Get out of here." It was their art we were watching.

They must have had an iron measure to know the precise moment to drop it slowly over the wooden wheel. Smoke came up as it was placed on the wheel. They poured water over it to cool it, then picked it up to put it in a tank for final cooling.

It was a lot more interesting than doing our homework.

Across the street from our house it was relatively flat, and when the street workers were working on the street, they left the tar wagon there at night. Neighbors with buckets scooped up tar to repair their roofs. Once I dipped my fingers in the hot tar, couldn't get it off, so I covered my fingers with straw. That day in school, when I prayed, it was a straw steeple.

At the Catholic school we would slap flies, then put them in the ink wells. The flies oxidized the ink, altering it so that it looked different on paper. The nuns accused us of using pencils.

Up to the 8th grade we were trouped to church, but we would hole up in the bathroom, escaping the trouping.

When you went to school as we did with an English name - most of the teachers were Irish - they held your name against you. Most of the nuns were good, but once in awhile their antagonism showed through.

Henrietta taught tennis and basketball there.

Every month you had to bring a silver dollar. There were three of us in school at one time....when the hourly wage was 50 cents.

Alfred was in school 'til 8th grade, then went to work. Barney, too. Frank was one grade ahead of me. Catholic High school was $2.00 a month. We didn't have that kind of money. So Frank went first to the public high school, then I. What a revelation: free paper and pencils!

In the Catholic school there was no Shakespeare. In Catholic school you got the religious jolt. First time I heard of Caesar was in Petaluma High. It was the first time I was reading something not religiously oriented.

.

In 1935 or '36 I began working for your father (Max Kortum) at the ranch on Ely Road. He paid a dollar a day and increased it to a dollar and a half when I started Junior College, and could work weekends only.

I walked out on the railroad tracks, about two miles, took about an hour, got there by eight, Karl might not be up yet, and I could make breakfast for the two of us, and ate on company time. Maybe fried eggs, and if Karl didn't get up in time I can remember eating nine fried eggs, double yolkers.

Our work was ranch clean up, feeding chickens, gathering and cleaning eggs, repairing fences, cleaning chicken houses, helping with vaccinations.

If there were time on a weekend we made excursions, on the river, Sea Scout trips. I remember driving into town in the little open truck with Karl. We had forgotten to remove the buckets of eggs, perhaps four of them. So, we stopped and hid them in a culvert along the way.

If I cleaned chicken houses I got lice. If on Kentucky street I cleaned the neighbor's dog pens I got fleas. We had only cold water for showers during the week; it was tough to get rid of the fleas. You had to remember to heat water for baths, which took place on the weekends only. You turned on the gas, waited 'til it heated enough water, then had to remember to turn it off again, or it would explode. Rest of the time you took your bath in cold water.

When we ran out of food at the ranch we ate eggs and bread. But on Saturdays your mother brought out food, first class food, in quantity. Serving dishes and pans, full of good food, covered the back seat and floor of her Chevrolet sedan. Your Dad called it the "little Buick". She made cabbage coleslaw for us, the cabbage finely and evenly cut, no one's hand could move faster than hers in that process.

During the summer I sometimes worked for George Hobbie, at Rex Hardware. Plumbing jobs. Cut pipe, I worked with Clarence, the plumber, but not on the floor. If there was a truckload of stuff to go out someplace I went out to help with delivery.

My brothers were both carpenters, went to work before they finished school. Barney was a finish carpenter. Al was not. They were in and out of work during the Depression. Both went into the CCC, the Civilian Conservation Corps.

I got out of Junior College after two years, in 1941. The last thing I wanted was to be drafted, I didn't like khaki. I went into the service in August 1941. I enlisted in the Navy, and my uniform was Marine green, as a hospital aide assigned to the Marines. I had taken a pre-pharmacy course at Jaysee.

It was in the Solomon Islands, Guadalcanal, that I suffered malaria, was sent to New Zealand for a month to recuperate.

I took twenty dollars out of every paycheck, the rest went home. My highest pay was $70 a month. Julia put the money in the bank. With that money I was able to start the purchase of our Mill Valley home.

When I went into the Navy, Henrietta closed up the house and left Petaluma. My oldest brothers, Barney and Al, went into the Seabees. Frank worked in a factory someplace in the Bay Area, and injured his foot. He did not go into the military.

At the end of the War I was on an LSMCR 412, a Landing Ship Medium Rocket. There were twelve ships in our flotilla. We were two days out of Honolulu, on our way to bombard Japan, maybe six days to go to get there.

On the bullhorn, with speakers all over the ship, news came from the bridge: "Now hear this." It was the announcement that the war was ended.

We were travelling in pairs. We slowed down, went around in a circle.

I was a chief pharmacist mate, and had more time in the Navy than anyone else on that ship, including the officers.

Jack Eatherton : 1997 "It was a rare thing growing up in Petaluma. Here's another story, called the Cherry Street Massacre.

It happened on Cherry street. We could hear the shooting. The nuns told us to go no where near the spot, but I headed straight for Cherry Street as soon as school was out.

The grass was tall, and I could see how men had crawled through the grass. Company M, a machine gun unit, had brought a gun. They carried it from somewhere near the library, perhaps from the basement of the old city hall. It was a water cooled machine gun, government issue, containing a cylinder full of water. It had handles so that two men could carry it, and it could be set up on a tripod.

There were empty cartridges lying around everywhere when we got there. They had riddled the building. It was all over.

The police kept onlookers up on the higher road of the split road. Later we could go down and pick up empty shells.

The Mexican had owned a dog who committed an indiscretion on the neighbor's tank house. The guy came out and kicked the dog. The Mexican went into his house, got a gun and threatened to shoot the guy. There must have been shots. The Mexican went into his house, and the police were informed. They called for anyone who had a gun. The Mexican survived by lying low in a bath tub.

When he came out he surrendered Mexican style, with the gun pointed at himself. The gesture was misunderstood and someone shot and killed him."

Jack remembers this to be about fourth grade, probably about 1927.

"Hoppy" Hopkins of the Museum: "The Mexican came out and surrendered, and Fuller shot him. Percy Valentine Fuller. Fuller's lived on N. Webster, Fuller Heights is named for him."

Hoppy at one time found the newspaper article, and turned it over to the Police Department.

Interview with Jack Eatherton, Oct. 1997

Mary Steet on the south side of Hill Plaza Park (with the canons) had cobble-stone paving where horses were tethered along a pipe rail. There was also a watering trough. Anyone coming to town with a horse and wagon could tie up here. There were other places in town, with rings in the pavement, where horses could be tied.

One day when I was on my way to the river, going down Mary Steet, there was a big dray horse which, with his steel horseshoes, had slipped on the wet cobble-stones. He was sitting on his haunches with his front legs straight before him, almost as a person would sit. He looked very dignified, not at all excited. He looked around him, almost as if to say "Well, it's up to you to get me out of this."

Several husky working men, two of them from the blacksmith's shop down the alley to the east, wearing leather aprons, tried to raise him up. They brought a large canvas, which they sawed back and forth under his rear end. They finally got him back on his feet. The horse seemed bored by the whole procedure.

Sometimes my Aunt Florie would take me to her home in Burlingame. We would drive to Sausalito, take the ferry to San Franciso, and then drive south. I can remember coming back home, going north, one night, about nine o'clock. After we left Sausalito, everything was dark - no houses, no stores - just one bar-restaurant just north of Novato. We met one car going south.

Ruby Scott Eatherton

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PLACE Marin Co. Calif.

DATE Dec. 13, 1997

Jack O. Eatherton
(Interviewee)

Maxine Ousley
(for the Petaluma Historical Museum)